

Through the eyes of the Hunters

by EvolutionAtTheGates

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Summary: Follow two Hunters who find themselves upon the Earths surface, a war rages in space and there own role within this war is vital, the eradication of the human race.

1. Prologue

**(Note I do not own Bungie or any rights to Halo, just a fan with a few ideas)

> Hope you enjoy the story, alittle humor with much action, enjoy.

* * *

><p>The Prologue.<p>

Location: Epsilon Eridani system, above the planet Reach; Aboard a unidentified Covenant Cruiser.

> Date and time recorded: September 28th, 2552 0615 hours.

The Covenant Cruiser stood motionless within the dark depths of spaceâ€|coldâ€|vastâ€|unknowing; The thought of just how cold space actually was sent what could be perceived as a shiver down the long worm composed spine of Binar. The 12 foot tall behemoth remained motionless within the darkness that filled the expanse of his room. The Hunter's eyes gazed out of the glass window, falling upon the recently conquered planet of Reach, a planet in which himself and Ferro had taken the lives of numerous human's, combatants and non combatants alike.

The door's to the room would part, the igniting purple glow from such action would bathe Binar for a few seconds. However, Binar would not turnâ€|he knew that no other Covenant race would enter, much alone without permission. Ferro would stand before the door's, already closed, yet the purple glow remained partially active throughout various spot's within the room.

"When I left you stood before that very same window and you still remain there after two hoursâ€|. why?" Ferro could never understand the thought pattern of his bond brother; Binar, a deep thinker, the cool collective one, meditation was often performed in his spare time. Ferro would only shake his head at this thought, he was a Hunter of action, he never understood the use of meditationâ€|he only understood the act of fighting and training. Sometimes there two personalities clashed, butting heads a few times but they always covered each others back and accomplished there mission in the end.

"It is rather relaxingâ€|peaceful you might say." Binar spoke, his gaze still remained forth and upon the planet which sat underneath the Cruiser; The Ascended Truth.

Ferro would only shake his head as he moved deeper within the room, standing beside his bond brother, both standing at a equal height of twelve feet. "I say it is a waste of time and I think you should be trainingâ€|with me!" Ferro exclaimed.

Binar said nothing, his gaze remained steady, lost in thought. Binar Droc Andor and Ferro Droc Rastim were one of the most deadliest and well known Hunter pairs within the Covenant and the thought of training would only bring forth a small grunt from the form of Binar. "Trainingâ€|Why? A planet has just been conquered and already you are concerned about the next battleâ€|isn't a planet good enough for now?"

"A planet is fine, however further conflict is upon the horizon, training is a necessity. Are reputation in battle is well knownâ€|even reaching the attention of the High Council!" A tone of pride was evident within Ferro's voice. It wasn't that Binar had no pride, he loved the feeling of crushing a humanoid underneath the might of a sturdy swing of his shield; It is just sometimes, he enjoys the peace of space and some time alone.

"I know, I know my brother." Binar placed a right hand upon Ferro's shoulder; What was considered a hand was actuallyâ€|well a hand but it had three rather large claws, this would be the same for the opposing hand as well. The notorious Fuel Rod Gun was unattached to there right hands as well as the massive shields upon both of there left hands and shoulders. The fuel rod gun had been removed after Ferro completed his training simulation.

When combat was initiated or when the ship was on deployment, then the notable features of the Hunter's would be brought forth and dawned upon there physical form; However, at this moment, battle was absent and a moment of relaxation was felt throughout the shipâ€|the hatred for the human race howeverâ€|grew by the second.

Binar would be the first to turn away from the captivating seen of a Covenant dominated planet, his armored feet would take him across the deck of the room to a rather familiar spot; This was where he usually sat and commenced meditation. Taking a seat might make these giants seem smaller, yet there spines added even greater height to what they already displayed.

"Your not going to meditate, are you?" Ferro asked.

"Care to join me?" Binar would counter with.

What could be perceived as a laugh, deep and coming straight from the depths of Ferro's gullet would rise forth. Ferro would move himself before his brother, the purple glow of the room revealing the orange "soft spots" of these mammoth creatures. "I will make a deal with you Binar, the day a human draws blood from my bodyâ€|that will be the day I sit down and meditate!" Another hardy chuckle would escape the confines of the face region of Ferro.

"Alright, sounds easy enough." Binar would mimic the same laugh, teasing his bond brother a bit.

"That will be the day." Ferro followed up with a snorting sound. Ferro would leave his Binar to his meditation, unlike his brother, Ferro was constantly on the move; This was evident due to the fact he was already heading to the door's once moreâ€|most likely to train,

Noticing this, Binar would halt his Ferro's movement with a question. "Have we received are next set of orders? What is our next destination?"

Stopping abruptly, Ferro would turn his head, glancing in the general direction of Binar. "Yes we have received our orders, another planet shall feel the wrath of the Droc's!" Ferro would say there bond name proudly.

This would only light Binar's curiosity and he would press with a second question, well the one which was unanswered "Which planet?"

Silence would fall between the two, the only sound around them would be that of the scrambling footsteps of the Grunts in the hallwayâ€|. "Earthâ€|. we leave in a two days, better get some training in my brother, this will be one great battleâ€|the extinction of the human race." With that the door's would part, the glow would bathe that within reach and they would close once again.

Binar would let his massive body relax, as much as possible for that matter; Howeverâ€|Earth was now his topic of interest. The last great stronghold of the human race, there home world, a end to this war possibly?

"A great battle indeedâ€|" Binar whispered as the darkness consumed him and meditation followed, the last bit of peace and quiet before the invasion, the start of a new conflict, one which will surely test the strength of Droc brothers.

2. Chapter 1: Invasion

Chapter 1: The Invasion.

Location: Aboard The Ascended Truth; Above the planet Earth.

> Date and Time Recorded: October 1st, 2552 2130 hours.

Spaceâ€|vast, cold and empty this it was indeed but however at this moment in time it was far from any of these. Various debris filled the vast emptiness, contradicting this statement as it filled up

quickly with the remains of human and covenant vessels alike; The cold of space diminishing due to the immense heat giving off from the plasma turrets which found delight slicing and melting, shattering there opponents vessels. However, the covenant would not find themselves without there own chaos upon there shoulders, cheers from the deepest parts of the human vessels would erupt as MAC rounds shattered alien shields, crushing the soft metal behind it.

Each side would have there own amount of casualties, waves of Seraph's would collide across the blackness of space, engaging there C709 Longsword Interceptor opponents in a glorious displays of light and destruction. Earth would find itself surrounded by more and more Covenant craft, the humans would try to counter, bringing more and more of there own ships about. The Ascended Truth would find itself untouchedâ€|for the moment and within the depths of it's innardsâ€|The Droc Brothers would find themselves at the door's of a Phantom, a dropship that would take them to Earth and to there greatest battle of there lives.

Binar's attention would come back to reality as his right arm would find itself tugged and jerked at, along with various other amounts of pressure and pulls upon his left arm and shoulder. His anger flared for a second, however it would subside as he gazed upon the fuel rod gun on his right arm. His attention would circle about as he noted the massive shield on his left hand and shoulder.

Ferro would find himself pulled and pushed upon until the eerie green glow upon the silver armament bathed the grunts around him that were directly in charge of applying such instruments. Ferro however was not the one to take these actions lightly, this was evident when his large orange and silver tattered shield smashed across the left side of a random grunt. The blue blood of this being splattering across the shields surface, the grunt would find a nice spot upon the wallâ€|a couple yards away. This would only make all other grunts run for safety.

"Warming up are we?" Binar would ask.

"He pulled when he should have pushed!" Ferro exclaimed.

Binar would only shake his head, the brothers would be the last to board the drop hip, carrying 14 covenant, this ship was quite formidable and delivered a massive payload of troops as well as several plasma turrets. This ship was filled with a assortment of elites and jackals, a few grunts and of course the brothers. The ship was commanded by a red armored elite, a veteran of battle, a few blue armored ones were present as well.

The objective had been given, this ship was to land upon the isle of Island of Zanzibar, according to intelligence this island contained a base; Camp Froman as the humans called it. In the past, this complex was unattended, abandoned; Recently the base had been converted, fortified and filled with the enemy as well as a valuable source of information, a single scientistâ€|.this was there objective. Overrun the base, leave no prisoners, except the scientist.

"What do you think of our mission?" Binar would ask his brother, curious due to the fact that a human was needed to be obtained.

"You know fair well what I thinkâ€|detaining a humanâ€|" Ferro's

voice would trail off, the very thought of being around a alive one make his blood boil.

A deep laugh would come forth from Binar "Maybe you two can become good friends." The laugh would continue as Binar enjoyed the tease which he used upon his brother.

"Watch your tongue my brother, without my help the humans could easily overrun you!" Ferro would say, not caring who heard thisâ€|no other would say anything to them.

"Remember are bet Ferroâ€|about meditation?" Binar would not let his brother forget there dealâ€|he would see it through.

> "You might as well see it in your dreamsâ€|it will only happen there my friend." Ferro would mimic the same hard laugh, however it would cut shortly as the ship would seal and undock.<p>

A harsh rattle would run throughout the length of the phantom, a human ship had engaged The Ascended Truth. The feeling of moving through free space in such a smaller craft was evident, the red armored elite would make himself present with a hardy "Listen all!"

Due to the fact that all Hunters had a fair amount of respect for the elites, this would be the only reason why the brothers would focus there attention on what this one had to say.

"You know your orders, which come directly from the High Council, let's show them what we can do and the amount of slaughter we can instill within the ranks of the human filth!!" The Grunts would babble back and forth as the Jackals squawked to themselves, the other elites would continue to listen as the brothers did as well.

"Kill all you see, if it is human it will die; However, I shall lead the attack and none shall harm the human that is required for captureâ€|or death will fall upon that being." The red armored elite will shout loudly, due to the fact that a all out war was erupting outside the ship. Done with his briefing he would fall back to his original position, a few more violent shakes would follow as they came within Earths atmosphere without any incidents.

Night was upon this section of Earth, the sea lay underneath the Phantom as it roared across the waters; Around them various other dropships met there fate, the fighters from the opposing force sending there fellow brethren into a watery graze. The Island was only a mere one hundred yards away, covenant had already fell upon it's sandy shores, bodies from both sides were growing into numerous piles. Bullets and plasma were exchanged, a grand show within the night sky.

"FIVE MINUTES!!" the red armored elite yelled.

"To our legacy my brother." Ferro said to Binar.

"To the death of the human race." Binar countered.

Silence would fall and the ship would halt, the ground underneath them coming fast as the sounds of bullets and various other armaments took there toll of the ship. Opening up, the brothers viewed the vast

battlefield, the various covenant troops would disembark and fall upon the shore, some meeting there fate with rockets and bullets, some falling in whole and others exploding into pieces and sprays of bright blood; The sound of battle would make the tall, sharp spines upon the brothers rise even higher.

"Bet I get there first kill!!" Ferro yelled.

"Your on!" Binar yelled back.

With that they fell upon the sandy surface, the ship would rise and move off into the darkness; The full moon displaying there bright blue skin along with spots of orange, screams of marines indicating the presence of Hunters would fill the air as everything that they packed was directed upon the twoâ€¢tonight would be a good night for them.

End
file.